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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, JANUARY 30, 1915.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S VETO AND THE LITERACY TEST.

Pres. Wilson's veto of the immigration bill, due to the literacy test incorporated into it, is very good for a school master, and also for a president. This question has been before congress a number of times. We believe ex-President Taft turned it down once, or at least opposed it, and more recently has refused to countenance the determination of congress to enact it into law. Ex-President Roosevelt also is quoted as doubting the wisdom of the measure.

There indeed is forcible reason why a literacy test should not be applied here in this country. While intelligence is a fine thing, and the ability to read and write is quite essential to it, we have noticed that there are people whose educated intelligence has brought on a moral degeneracy, rather than improvement, and, after all the moral side of life, is what counts most for good citizenship. Our prison pens are full of educated rascals—full to the bulging. No, it is not the intelligence, but rather the character of the immigrant that needs our attention. Pres. Wilson would have been remiss as a school teacher had he over-looked this important point. There are so many shades of intelligence, in its relation to citizenship, that to know exactly where to draw the line, is a too difficult matter to be dashed off by any such thing as straight-line artist processes.

It is one great drag-back to our American intelligence that we know too much and think too little. It may sound paradoxical, but it illustrates the situation. Too many of our heads are jumbled full of facts, caught up in reading, and frequently respilled in writing, without the least attempt to analyze, dissect, or otherwise comprehend what these things mean. It might be a blessing to some men if they could neither read nor write. Unable to read, they might find time to digest what they hear, and unable to write, forgeries and counterfeiting would be outside their scope.

It is true that the uneducated man, unable to read or write, is at a disadvantage. It is difficult for him to understand our American institutions and to appreciate American citizenship, but America is not an aristocracy—not even an aristocracy of the brain. Pres. Wilson's veto, coming from one of the best educated men in the land, speaks volumes on that point. We cannot say to those untutored foreigners that we cannot have them here, but on the contrary or democracy forces us to feel the breath of their souls, and if there is to be any immigration standard at all, it must be a standard of souls.

The soul is a stable product. Intelligence is an uncertain genius.

OUR CAUTIOUS ASSEMBLY.

With the 5th session of the Indiana assembly half gone, with none but the session appropriation bill passed by both houses and approved by the governor; with but 175 bills introduced in the senate, and less than 200 in the house, and less than 200 of those bills still alive in both branches, one can see pretty well what their senators and representatives are doing at Indianapolis this year.

There were more than twice the above number of bills introduced in the two houses at this stage of the session of two years ago; nearly three times as many of the bills were still pending, and a few had been passed. That, however, was a session of less caution than appears to be rampant this season. It was also a session that inherited a lot of issues from previous sessions. It was the greatest session for progressive legislation ever in the history of Indiana. This year the state-wide primary law, the anti-lobby law, the workman's compensation act, and a bill for woman's hours and wages, are about the only propositions, labeled as progressive, that are left.

Doubtful if there was ever a session of the legislature in this state at which there was so much pain-taking attention given to the work at hand. Doubtful if there was ever a session at which there were so few sheep following a bell-wether. It is some much so that some of the old leaders have become well-nigh discouraged, and are wondering how much of their usefulness—or misusefulness—has vanished. In such a legislature there is hope. It may not make law of all the facts that are going the rounds. It may fall in some things of real importance—but if that it does do, is done well, it is better so than to do many things, and almost never know when or why.

AND NOW ANOTHER.

And now comes the Texas company, the only independent oil concern that has ever bucked the oil trust with any degree of success, and which has grown somewhat chummy over that fact, before the Texas legislature with a bill, which, if passed, will in effect

give it a monopolistic control of the oil situation in Texas, including the oil producing fields themselves.

It will be remembered that, a few years ago, the state of Texas arose in its wrath and smote the Waters-Pierce Oil company hip and thigh for an alleged violation of the anti-trust law.

The Waters-Pierce was ousted from the state, lock, stock and barrel, and plastered with a fine so big that it required a special Wells-Fargo express car to haul the coin of the realm to Austin with which to pay it.

When the Waters-Pierce, figuratively speaking, donned a false mustache and stole back, its disguise was penetrated and it was again ejected.

It has always been suspected, though never admitted, that the Texas company had a hand in the undoing of its Missouri competitor. Now it prays for legalized consent to the very things for which the Waters-Pierce was prosecuted, only more so. It bases its plea on the fact that it is a Texas corporation.

The veriest legislative tyro knows that, except in name, the Waters-Pierce company is no more a simple pure Texas concern than was the Pierce Oil company or the Fordyce Oil company, to whom the Waters-Pierce surreptitiously slipped the buck after its first ejection.

The Texas company has grown from a \$1,650,000 corporation to a thirty million one in thirteen years which includes one big stock dividend. The cash dividends handed out to its fortunate stockholders during the interim have been sufficient to keep them in a fairly contented frame of mind and to afford them the luxury of plastering the state press with big advertisements.

And yet it says that under present conditions it cannot earn a satisfactory return upon its investment.

Sure not—the bigger we get the harder we are to satisfy.

We have no quarrel with the Texas Co. It's a big concern, handled by big men, and it has been the one most important factor in the development of the rich petroleum deposits of the state of Texas. At the same time we are privately of the opinion that if Col. Jake Wolters, who is heading the lobby at Austin, can put this over the Texas legislature, that august body has reached a state of innocuous desuetude that should entitle its members to a long vacation far from the turmoil of political activity.

"MADE IN AMERICA" UNPOPULAR.

The "Made in America" exhibit, planned at Carnegie institute, Pittsburgh, has been given up. American manufacturers said they did not wish to admit that their product was made in this country. They report a popular impression that European manufacturers are superior.

This impression is probably due to the business joy-riding of a former period. "Twenty years ago," said a shoe manufacturer recently, "anything went. You could put up a shoe with a pancake heel of ground up leather chips, pasteboard counter, and an upper cut out of the loose leather in the belly of a hide. Skillfully dressed, it looked good. You could sell it for 20 cents a pair under a good shoe. People would buy them over and over again, even though they were poorly."

"Today," he said, "people pay their good money to get the best stock there is and it would ruin my business were I to put out the kind of material that we built up our business on."

Probably these conditions prevailed in many other trades. Twenty years ago there was a period of fake advertising. It was anything to work off the goods and get away with the money. You might get the same man's money over and over again, as he might fare no better if he tried other goods.

Today every substantial dealer, retail and wholesale, pushes his best goods the hardest. He knows that the best material is none too good, and that only by giving satisfaction can he build up permanent trade.

There is probably no country on earth today where producers take such pains to turn out honest goods as the United States. If our business men lose trade as the result of the prejudice referred to above, they are paying for the mistakes of a past generation. But wide awake people know that a different spirit prevails in American trade today.

THE GOULD GOINGS.

The Missouri Pacific Railway has passed into the hands of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

This is doubtless a good thing for the stockholders as well as for the public at large, for unquestionably drastic remedial measures must be carried into effect to enable the management to cope with the problems confronting the Missouri Pacific system.

Yet by the true born American the announcement must be received with a pang of regret as marking yet another period in the decadence of the

once great financial dynasty founded by Jay Gould.

No American financier has ever quite equalled the accomplishments of this remarkable man as a builder of railroads. After a meteoric career began in 1857, Jay Gould gained control of the Erie railroad which he relinquished upon its reorganization in 1872. Then began his constructive work. In association with James Fisk, Jr., he invested in and gained control of several lines, effecting combinations which resulted in the establishment of the famous Gould system.

Upon his death in 1892 his vast interests passed into the hands of his sons. George Gould became president of the Little Rock & Ft. Smith, the Manhattan elevated, the St. Louis Iron Mountain & Southern, the International and Great Northern, the Missouri Pacific and other smaller affiliated lines.

But the genius of the father had not reverted to the sons. With the removal of the master mind began the gradual decline of the Gould system.

One by one its various units passed from the control of the Gould family, mostly by the receivership route, until only the Missouri Pacific remained.

Now it, too, is handed over to outsiders. The declaration that the Gould interests had expressed their satisfaction at the entrance of the Kuhn-Loeb interests is not without pathetic significance.

THE MAN IN HIS PLACE.

The best thing that can come into any young man's life is a soul-deep conviction that he is doing the right thing for him to do, and doing it at his best—all extraneous matters set aside.

There is a story told of a 4th of July orator who, seeking to drive home a point, appealed dramatically to a German Jew peddler in the audience: "Now, foreigner, you left Europe to escape oppression, didn't you? You came to these fair shores to breathe the sweet air of freedom, didn't you? Come now, answer."

"Vell," squeaked the peddler, "I comes to dis country to sell cheap clodders."

That peddler knew what he was here for.

A man is like a ship in a river—he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is swept away, and he sails serenely over a deep channel into an infinite sea.

It was often said by Marshall Field that he was so proud of nothing else as of the fact that when he was a youth he was the best drygoods clerk in Pittsfield, Mass. To his way of thinking, he became successful just as soon as he found the work to which his spirit responded. He there and then taught the consciousness that was the key to the riddle of his life.

It is proposed to have a law making it a misdemeanor to carry a voter to the polls unless he is physically unable to walk. But it would probably still be legal to give a voter of the other party a ride into the country election day.

Inquiry is made as to what has become of the old fashioned boy who used to be seen trundling around with a toy express wagon. Well, he seems to be now teasing his father for a motorcycle, with every indication of getting one, too.

That there is still a chance for an American to rise in life is suggested by the fact that the governor of Pennsylvania has become president of a baseball league.

Many dealers seem to feel that "Made in America" goods are all right provided they are stamped "Made in Europe."

That this is a luxurious and extravagant age was indicated in a meat market the other day, when a man was heard inquiring the price of beef.

When the grocer's boy calls on a man to collect an old account he may quite likely find him reading an automobile catalog.

Belgian university professors are to give instruction at Harvard, though they know nothing whatever about baseball.

Infractions of the moral law are condoned by society, but not if you trump your partner's trick at the card parties.

Let not the landlady expect she can put grape-fruit over on the boarders now they are so cheap.

The summer boarder business in New Hampshire minus Harry Thaw must seem somewhat like skim milk.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Reminders From the Columns of The Daily Times.

The new chapel of Trinity Presbyterian church was opened with a program and supper.

James Oliver has a communication in the papers opposing the proposed plan of building a second waterworks plant.

Major and Mrs. E. S. Reynolds and son, Capt. E. B. Reynolds, will leave tomorrow for New York, from where they will sail next Wednesday for Europe.

There were 55 inmates of the county asylum.

STEAMSHIP MOVEMENTS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—Steamers sailing today: Canopic, Gibraltar, Naples; Cameronia, Glasgow; Duca Abruzzi, Naples; Minnewaska, London; Lusitania, Liverpool.

Due to arrive today: Alauina from Liverpool; Arabia from Liverpool; Antares from Shields; Cornelia from Rotterdam; Paralos from Rotterdam; Lydia from Rotterdam; Kansas City from Swansea.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

George Herbert once said, "Keep good company and you shall be of the number." Still, we can visualize one keeping good company without being it.

We have just emerged from a three months' test of trying to wiggle along without a Chicago newspaper and find ourselves apparently permanently cured of the South Bend News-Times supply every need and most of the luxuries.

By giving the matter a little attention, readers are finding they can improve their follow through by applying it to the coal scoop. We are getting an elliptical swing which we think will give us a 200-yard average on the links.

The Height of Endurance.
(By the South Bend Tribune's Champion Long Distance Sentence Writer.)

That Deputy Sheriff Frank Niezgoda, better known as "Slick," and Stanley Tobolski, clerk of the superior court, circulated several petitions, one of which was left at Frank Witucki's saloon, 801 Union st., among people of the west side for the purpose of obtaining an order to remove county prisoners from street labor, was the statement made by a prominent west side politician today following the refusal of Sheriff Charles Bailey Wednesday to disclose the names on a petition presented to the county commissioners Monday of which there is no record.

WE view with some curiosity if not amusement, the ruling of a Minnesota judge that the civil rights of negroes does not extend to Sunday schools. Under this interpretation the negro is entitled to recognition in the public schools, hotels, street cars, politics and the theater, but when it comes to spiritual matters the black man must take his chances under his own color. Thus this judge would have us believe that religion, like beauty, is only skin deep.

DOUBTLESS Oregon has missed many things that he regretted more than the plot to kill him which failed, or the plot which failed to kill him, just as you please.

INDIANA'S new slogan: "Fewer needless laws and better enforcement of what we have." It isn't catchy enough to become popular.—Toledo Blade.

Then try this on your harmonica: Less law, more enforcement.

Statesmen Real and Near.

By Fred C. Kelly

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—A young man down in South Carolina pestered Rep. James Byrnes of that state for several weeks to get him a nice little government job. After a time Byrnes wrote him that he was unable to find any roll top desks such as the young man's commanding abilities and sterling character should entitle him to, but that he might be able to get him something in the forest service—a position, as Byrnes explained, that would take him out into God's great outdoors.

The applicant hastened to Washington to qualify and was employed at \$5 a day as assistant chair-bearer of a surveying party setting out for the West Virginia hills.

He started on his new job in high spirits, but when it came to riding a horse up into the most forlorn hills he had ever seen he began to lose interest. At first he and his chief engaged in desultory conversation, but after riding along for a few miles our hero said less and less until finally he lapsed into complete silence.

They came to a fork in the road. "Right here is where you are to camp," the chief told him. "I'll show you how to pitch your tent and then meet you here tomorrow."

"Now, now, you're mistaken," said the young man. "I'm not a-going to camp here."

"You'll obey orders, won't you?" inquired the chief.

"You don't seem to understand," replied the young man. "I have resigned my job. I may not have said anything about it at the time, but I resigned seven miles down the road."

All manner of persons having persistent notions about one thing and another, are about the point of the United States, and many of these drop in frequently at the outer office of the speaker of the house, Wallace Bassford, secretary to Speaker Clark, is a reasonably calm, well-poised young man, but the other day it occurred to him that he suffered more than his share of association with various types of bores. As he sat reflecting over the number of human nuisances who were regular visitors at his office, he picked up his pencil and began to jot down the names of the most pestiferous.

As he was putting these names on paper the door opened and there entered a nuisance of the third magnitude whom Bassford had forgot all about and overlooked when making out his roster of bores.

Prior to that time Bassford had always been polite and affable to the visitor. His mood was such at that moment that the caller was the final straw.

"Say!" began Bassford, sternly. "I've just this second finished writing down the names of the 10 worst nuisances who come to this office. I'll be doggoned if I'm going to allow the list to grow to eleven. So get out of here!"

Rep. Sam Winslow of Massachusetts would be taken at first glance for a fat man. He weighs some 210 pounds and even after a thorough squeeze-up one might insist that he is a fat man. Perhaps he is. But Winslow likes to emphasize the point that there are lines of beauty unmistakable, even in a fat man, to him who is enough of a connoisseur to see. "If a heavy man has the same measurement about the chest as about the waist," declares Winslow, "tapping his stomach, impressively, 'he is still entitled to every courtesy.'"

Be that as it may, Winslow was at a meeting one day of the house committee on the District of Columbia. A proposition was up for the government to take over the street railway

THE result of a battle in Europe depends solely on the source of the news.

WHO KNOWS?

(Rose Harwick Thorpe, the Mishawaka girl who wrote "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," is the author of this poem.)

Who knows—who can tell where the summer goes
With dew-drenched garments and sweet-scented hair?
Where is the life that went out of the rose?

The music, the sunlight, the laughter—where?
Who knows?
What knowledge reveals where the freed soul goes
When released from its prison-house of pain?

To the realm of light or the place of woes;
To the golden heights or the shadowed plain.
Who knows?

At the voice of knowledge all gates unclose.
Except the portals of life and death.
It were pain to ask where the spirit goes.

The secret of giving and hushing breath,
God knows.

AS long as Americans feed the helpless victims of the war and send nurses to care for the wounded and sick it seems improbable that any European power would be anxious to drag the United States in, but you can't tell about this civilized stuff.

The "Movie" In Rhyme.

(Cor. Burr Oak Acorn.)

First Movement.

'Twas in the time of holiday
My folks said I could go away.
And so I packed my little grip
And headed westward for a trip.
On the Valley Line I did tarry.
My first stop was at Middlebury.
I went to visit an uncle and aunt,
For when they're dead you know you can't.

At uncle's there was some commotion
For here I met cousins right from Goshen.
This was more than I expected.
But a nicer place couldn't have been selected.

Next morning we walked up the street
An old Ohio acquaintance to meet—
The time here spent was very jolly.
With friend Joseph and uncle Solly.
(To be continued.)

EVERYBODY likes winter until the cold pinches. C. N. F.

lines in Washington. Winslow was opposed to government-owned street car lines. Then somebody mentioned that one trouble with the lines at present is that the seats are too narrow.

"If the government would provide wider seats," spoke up Winslow, shifting uncomfortably on the little chair he was using, "I'm not sure but I would be won over."

(Copyright, 1915, by Fred C. Kelly.)

DEVELOPMENTS PENDING

General Russian Advance Expected on East Prussian Frontier.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 30.—Most interesting developments are pending on the east Prussian front. All indications point to a general Russian advance which is to be pressed with the greatest vigor.

The Russians have assumed the aggressive to the north of the River Memel and have approached close enough to Tilsit to be able to damage Pogenen, a station four miles distant from that town.

Simultaneously the Russians continue to move forward in the wooded regions to the north of Pukallen and Gumbinen.

OPPOSES GOVERNMENT ENTERING BUSINESS

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—"I am one of those who are greatly opposed to the government's connection with business in any other way than for supervisory purposes," Sen. Weeks of Massachusetts declared today at the second annual convention of the electrical workers.

"We are in the midst of a period of drifting into active government participation in those affairs with which the private individual is best competent to deal, either through his personal or corporate capacity and, unless it is checked, federal reserve banking systems and all other professional steps to aid the business men are going to have their effect destroyed or least seriously menaced."

No Use to Try and wear out your cold—it will wear you out instead.

Thousands keep on suffering Coughs and Colds through neglect and delay.

Why make yourself an easy prey to serious ailments and epidemics as the result of a neglected cold? Coughs and Colds sap your strength and vitality unless checked in the early stages. Dr. King's New Discovery is what you need—the first dose helps. Your head clears up, you breathe freely and you feel so much better. Buy a 50c bottle to-day and start taking at once.

Mrs. David Moore, Saginaw, Ala., writes: "My husband had a cough for fifteen years and tried a number of other remedies without success, a sample bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery gave relief, and after taking several bottles was sound and well."

Excellent for Children's Coughs. They like Dr. King's New Discovery, it's so pleasant. Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 4c in stamps.

For a laxative use Dr. King's New Life Pills. Mild, don't gripe. H. E. BUCKLEN & CO. 539 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Brandon-Durrell Co.

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If the theorizing Prohibitionist was compelled to work in a steel mill, grind shop or a stuffy factory, preferably in the hot summer months, then and there a miracle would happen to him. He would learn that in the long day's grind the modern galley slave needs a mild stimulant to sustain him—to bridge him over to meet another day.

Hoosier Cream Tiger Export BEER

is the drink of men who do men's work.

South Bend Brewg. Association
Servant to Lovers of Good Beer

Newman's
THE STYLE SHOP FOR WOMEN

FREIGHT BAGGAGE
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TAXIS MESSENGERS